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his indisposition, and being unable to sit his horse, he was carried in a litter to a village near Rouen, where he died after a few days' illness.\*

14. SIEGE OF CALAIS, BY EDWARD III.—After holding out eleven months against the English, the besieged were sorely pressed by famine, and offered to surrender. Edward would only grant them "personal safety" on condition that six of their principal men should be sacrificed as a punishment for prolonging the siege. In this distress Eustace St. Pierre stepped forward and offered himself as one of the victims. Five others followed his noble example. The six men left Calais barefoot, with ropes about their necks, and went to the conqueror with the keys of the city. With the heart of a barbarian, Edward gave orders for their execution; the Prince of Wales and the English nobles having in vain interceded for their pardon. But Philippa, the queen, having been informed of the affair, cast herself at her husband's feet, and implored him for Christ's sake to desist from an action that would be an eternal blemish on his memory. She prevailed, and then took the *heroes* to her tent, fed and clothed them, and sent them away with a present to each of six pieces of gold.

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#### THE SOLDIER'S VICTIM:

OR THE INFLUENCE OF WAR ON DOMESTIC MORALS AND HAPPINESS.

Our President, in his late excursion into New York, visited "the ancient Dutch village of Herkimer," and gathered from its minister the following illustration of the influence exerted by war and warriors on society.

"I spent the evening with Domine Murphy, a very warm-hearted and philanthropic old gentleman, who has long been interested in the cause of peace, without having had any intercourse with peace societies. I had spent an evening with him in Union College; and he urged me to come to Herkimer, and give them an address on a week-day, if I could not spare a Sabbath. He formerly lived in Albany; and as he spoke the Dutch and German languages, as well as the English, and was fond of legendary lore, he had treasured up many reminiscences of the early Dutch settlers in Albany, and their manners. Among the many aged persons with whom he was acquainted, was an old Dutch lady, who lived to the age of one hundred and four years. This old lady was very garrulous, and remembered events of three quarters of a century past, as though they were of yesterday, among which was the following, which she remembered minutely, with names and dates.

After the English had taken possession of the province of New York, near the close of what is called the "old French War," there came to Albany a regiment of English soldiers. The effect on the sober Dutch manners of the age was disastrous indeed. The inhabitants were unaccustomed to the flash and finery of the English officers, and it quite turned the heads of the young men, but particular-

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\* Stowe's Chronicles.

ly of the young women, both of whom had just begun to learn the English language. The public money was lavishly expended, as is always the case in war, and luxury began to make its appearance among all classes of the people. The young officers were dashing fellows, and really 'astonished the natives,' both male and female, by their gold and scarlet uniforms, and by their new oaths, not yet familiar to the Dutch ear. By degrees, they ingratiated themselves with the young men and women, and corrupted the morals of both. The young men learned to fight, swear, drink and swagger, and to belch out the infidel sentiments they had learned from their new instructors, and the young women to flirt and coquette. Balls and dances,—I believe masquerades, too,—became frequent. At length, they got up a temporary theatre, and enacted a licentious English play, called the "Beaux's Stratagem," in which the young officers acted the part of females, dressed in the fashion, and highly painted, which gave many occasions of gibes and jokes when they met the young ladies of Albany.

The old Dutch domine, Frelinghuysen,—great uncle to the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, late of Newark, N. J., and now President of the University of New York, an honor both to the church and the State,—this old domine, a man of superior education, who spoke Dutch, German and English equally well, took the alarm. He visited the families of his flock repeatedly, and entreated both old and young to be on their guard. He was beloved and respected by his flock. The old people heard him, but the young, already corrupted, turned a deaf ear. Family quarrels ensued; and the old sided with the domine, while the young took the part of the officers. As a last resort, the domine determined to preach a sermon in English on the corruption of the times, and particularly on the bad effects of the theatre, directed to the young people, many of whom now understood the language, and particularly to the officers. He did preach the sermon, and it was printed. Domine Murphy has read it, and has promised to get me a copy of it, if possible. Domine Frelinghuysen in his sermon warned the old people of the effect that the intercourse of their families with the British officers would have on their morals. He warned the young men of the dangers of contamination; but particularly he warned the young women against seduction and ruin. He predicted the direful consequences which would follow; but, like Cassandra, he prophesied in vain, for the young of both sexes were dazzled with the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," and seemed bent on their own destruction. Then, turning to the British officers, many of whom frequented his church as a fit place wherein to mark their victims, he addressed them in nearly the following words: "And you, young gentlemen of the army, will find, at last, that your 'God damn me,' and 'God damn my soul,' will be the truest words which ever came from your wretched mouths."

As might have been expected, so close, so powerful, and so faithful a sermon created a great sensation and much opposition. It was an exciting subject. So faithful a sermon had seldom been heard since Christ preached to the scribes and pharisees. Still, the old people sided with the domine, but the young were exasperated against him, and, aided by the influence of the army, they were finally triumphant.

One morning, the domine, opening his door, found on the stoop, as the platform before the front door is called in the Middle States, a club, a shoe, a crust of bread, and a dollar. These emblems could not be mistaken. The club figured forth what he was to expect, if he continued his labors; the shoe told him that he was to walk off; the crust was for his provisions on his voyage; and the dollar to pay his passage. Hearing of a Dutch ship, in New York, about to sail for Holland, he resolved to return to his native country. He repaired on board, and sailed in her. About half the passage over, suddenly, one night, he was missing. Whether he fell overboard by accident, or destroyed himself in a fit of despondency, was never known. The old Dutch people loved him tenderly. His predictions had become history, believed, alas, too late. For nearly a century there were reports among the Albanians, that he had been picked up at sea, alive, and had requested to be set on shore on a desolate island, and had turned hermit; and some even expected his return.

But let us return to Albany. The population became corrupt, as the domine had predicted. More than a dozen of the most ancient and respectable families were disgraced, besides many of the common people. The fall of one female, in particular, was truly sad and deplorable. She was the grand-daughter of an ancient superannuated domine of great respectability and wealth, by the name of Lydius, at whose house Col. Schuyler, who commanded the regiment was billeted, as other officers were in other respectable families, much to their discomfort and disgust; for they sadly oppressed the people, by seizing the wood and provisions brought to market, for the use of the troops. In vain the wife of Col. Schuyler warned the young lady of her danger. She fell a victim to seduction. The poor old grandfather offered her seducer, Capt. Rogers, all his property, if he would marry his grand-daughter and remove the disgrace from his family; but he offered in vain,—perhaps the captain was already married. She was a proud and high-spirited young lady, of great pretensions from her birth and fortune; and the disgrace bereft her of her reason. Her child was still-born. For thirty years, she constantly sat at the garret window of the house in which she was born, anxiously looking down the river for the return of her seducer, who had told her that he was going to Ireland, his native country, and would return shortly and marry her. When the south wind blew up the river, the poor lunatic was in an extacy of joy, expecting every moment to see his vessel coming up with him to perform his promise. Then she would clap her hands in a rapture of delight, and tears of joy would flow from her eyes, alas, soon to be followed with tears of despair and unavailing remorse. The window where she sat for thirty long years, hoping against hope, was pointed out to my informant by the old Dutch lady above-mentioned. It stood at the corner of State and Pearl streets, and was pulled down about four years ago to make room for a modern edifice. The false deceiver never came. Instead of going to Ireland, he got transferred to a regiment at Quebec. When the brother of the deluded frail one, Balthazar Lydius, found it out, he publicly vowed revenge on the deceiver of his sister, and followed him to Quebec. A friend of Rogers hastened forward to inform him of his danger, and arrived three days before the avenger. Rogers immediately applied for a

furlough to go home to Ireland. The cause got wind, and brought forth sneers and gibes from the officers of the regiment he had joined. Rogers showed he was a man of courage, by challenging all of them, and wounding three of them in duels, and thus wiped the disgrace from his name; for animal courage is essential to the character of a gentleman of the sword—a quality which he shares with the bull-dog and game-cock, and is often inferior to either. If he have animal courage, he may practise every vice, and be a man of honor in the opinion of his companions in arms. But the brave soldier dared not look the injured brother in the face, and Rogers embarked on the same day on which Lydius arrived, and got off with a whole skin. Lydius said he had not the means of following him to Ireland, but that if he ever set foot on this continent again, he would be the death of the gold-laced villain. He never came. Domine Murphy corroborates his account by showing a book, entitled “Memoirs of an American Lady, by the author of ‘Letters from the Mountains’ (Mrs. Grant),” published in 1836 in New York; the whole of the edition of which was burned, except thirty copies. The story is there related in brief, suppressing the name.

I can now account for the low state of morals in Albany; I had observed it before, but did not know how to account for it. I have seen similar results in other parts of this country where armies have been stationed for any considerable length of time. Infidelity, profanity, intemperance and Sabbath-breaking have lingered around such places to the present day.

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WAR THE SPORT OF RULERS.—Two poor mortals elevated with the distinction of a golden bauble on their heads, called a crown, take offence at each other, without any reason, or with the very bad one of wishing for an opportunity of aggrandizing themselves by making reciprocal depredations. The creatures of the court, and the leading men of the nation, who are usually under the influence of the court, resolve (for it is theirs) to support their royal master, and are never at a loss to invent some colorable pretence for engaging the nation in the horrors of war. Taxes of the most burthensome kind are levied, soldiers are collected, reviews and encampments succeed, and at last fifteen or twenty thousand men meet on a plain, and coolly shed each other's blood, without the smallest personal animosity, or the shadow of a provocation. The kings, in the mean time, and the grandees, who have employed these poor innocent victims to shoot bullets at each other's heads, remain quietly at home, and amuse themselves, in the intervals of balls, hunting schemes, and pleasures of every species, with reading at the fireside over a cup of chocolate, the despatches of the army, and the news in the extraordinary gazette. It may be, we have left a thousand of the enemy dead on the field of battle, and only nine hundred of our countrymen. Charming news! it was a glorious victory! But before you give a loose to your raptures, pause awhile, and consider, that to every one of these one thousand nine hundred slain, life was no less sweet than it is to you; that to the far greater part of them there probably were wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, sisters, brothers and friends, all of whom are at this moment bewailing that event which occasions your foolish and brutal triumph.—*Knox.*